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The Chimes of Amsterdam

THE

CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM

And Other Poems

By Mrs. GEORGE A. PAULL
(Minnie E. Kenney)

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.
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To A. S. W.

"This is for you, because I love you so!"
What matter if a poor and worthless thing
The childish gift may be, — a broken toy,
Or wilted flowers that die in offering;
Yet for the uttered reason of the gift,
And for the love clear shining in the eyes,
You heed not that it lacketh every charm.
For love's sweet sake the worthless thing you prize.
And so these gathered thoughts I bring, beloved,
Not worth the offering, did I not know
Between the lines your heart can read the words,
"This is for you, because I love you so!"

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THE CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM.

FAR up above the city,
In the gray old belfry tower,
The chimes ring out their music
Each day at the twilight hour.
Above the din and the tumult
And the rush of the busy street
You can hear their solemn voices
In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying
And the sunset gates, flung wide,
Mark a path of crimson glory
Upon the restless tide;
As the white-winged ships drop anchor
And furl their snowy sails,
While the purple twilight gathers
And the glowing crimson pales, —

Then from the old gray belfry
The chimes peal out again,
And a hush succeeds the tumult
As they ring their sweet refrain.
No sound of discordant clangor
Mars the perfect harmony,
But each attuned by a master hand
Has its part in the melody.

I climbed the winding stairway
That led to the belfry tower,
The sinking sun in the westward
Heralded twilight's hour.
For I thought that surely the music
Would be clearer and sweeter far
Than when, through the din of the city,
It seemed to float from afar.

But, lo! as I neared the belfry
No sound of music was there,
Only a brazen clangor
Disturbed the quiet air.

The ringer stood at the keyboard,
  Far down beneath the chimes,
And patiently struck the noisy keys
  As he had, uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,
  Though every day it swept
Out over the sea and the city,
  And in lingering echoes crept.
He knew not how many sorrows
  Were cheered by that evening strain,
And how men paused to listen
  When they heard that sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty
  And he did it with patient care,
But he could not hear the music
  That flooded the quiet air;
Only the jar and the clamor
  Fell harshly on his ear,
And he missed the mellow chiming
  That every one else could hear.

So we, from our quiet watch-tower,
May be sending a sweet refrain
And gladdening the lives of the lowly,
Though we hear not a single strain.
Our work may seem but a discord
Though we do the best we can,
But others will hear the music
If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow
And o'er the eternal sea,
It will blend with angelic anthems
In sweetest harmony.
It will ring in lingering echoes
Through the corridors of the sky,
And the strains of earth's minor music
Will swell the strains on high.

"NEARER TO THEE."

"NEARER to Thee, my God, nearer to
Thee!"
Thus shrilly sweet the childish treble
rang,
As pausing in her play a little maid,
In fitful snatches, all unheeding sang.
The tender prayer fell from her careless
lips
As thoughtlessly as song of bird in
June;
The childish voice rang out, now shrill,
now sweet,
Now softly crooning the familiar tune.

"Nearer to Thee!" The maiden older
grown
Half shyly pauses at the untried road

Which stretches out before her as she stands
Upon the threshold of her womanhood.
"Nearer to Thee," she sings, but skies are fair
And love smiles on her pathway; so the prayer
Is but the sweet refrain of an old hymn
Without a thought of need or meaning there.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!" Heavy the cross;
The aching shoulders bend beneath the load,
And as the hidden thorns press hard and sharp
The tear-dimmed eyes can scarcely see the road.
"Nearer to Thee," the quivering voice is weak

That earnestly uplifts the songful
prayer,
"E'en though it be a cross that raiseth
me,"
Content if so the heavy cross to bear.

"Nearer to Thee!" The shadows
darkly gather,
The way is lonely and the path is
steep;
Chill are the night-winds sweeping
through the valley,
While still the gloomy shadows grow
more deep.
"Nearer to Thee!" Oh, let each toil-
some footstep
Be one step nearer Thee, and through
the gloom,
Father, hold out Thy hand and lead Thy
child
Safely through darkness up to Thee
and home.

"Nearer to Thee!" Above the coffin lid,
Where drifts of blossoms lie like summer snow
About the quiet form that softly sleeps,
No more of pain or sorrow here to know,
With broken voices, faltering here and there,
The hymn arises like a cradle-song
That lulls to sleep the tranquil sculptured form
Whose spirit mingles with the heavenly throng.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
Through all life's journey every day to be
Still nearer, though we walk upon the hills

In the glad sunlight, or, still following Thee,
Pass through deep valleys that the darkness shrouds.
Nearer, still nearer, be our prayer and song,
Till joyfully our souls shall wing their way,
Freed from their prison-house, to dwell with Thee
And near to Thee rejoice in endless day.

AT EVEN BY THE SEA.

BESIDE the quiet wave-kissed shore
In distant Galilee,
When evening's purple shadows stole
Across the murmuring sea,
Upon each sick and suffering one
In that sweet tranquil hour
The pitying Saviour's tender hand
Was placed with healing power.

Close to the great Physician's side
The lame and suffering pressed,
Eager to feel that wondrous touch
Lest they should be unblessed.
But on each one the Saviour's hands
With healing touch were laid,
And sin and suffering alike
The gentle touch obeyed.

No more the loving Saviour treads
In blessed Galilee,
Healing each sorrow brought to him,
At even by the sea.
We cannot follow in those steps
And bring at close of day
Each weary pain and heart-ache sore
At his dear feet to lay.

Yet, pitying Christ, I bring to thee
My suffering, sin-sick soul,
For one touch of thy healing hand,
That I may be made whole.
Look on me in thy tenderness,
And mercy show to me,
As when of old thou healedst the sick
Beside the quiet sea.

O tender Christ, deny me not,
Only one touch I crave
Of that dear nail-pierced hand which hath

Almighty power to save.
Thy pitying love is still as great
As when in Galilee
Thou healedst all who came to thee,
At even by the sea.

CONTENTMENT.

I ASK not that my path should always be
By waters still,
Nor do I pray that Thou shouldst shelter me
From every ill.
I am content, dear Father, if Thy love
Dost choose my way,
If I may walk so closely at Thy side
I cannot stray.

I do not pray from sorrow's chastening touch
I may be free,
Nor of Thy pitying tenderness would crave
To crossless be.

I know Thy wisdom seeth greater gain
In every loss,
And that it is Thy love and thought for me
That sends my cross.

When Thou wouldst have me serve thee, dearest Lord,
I do not ask
That I may serve as best it pleaseth me,
And choose my task.
Enough it is Thou deignest to accept
Service from me;
Whatever task is set by Thy dear hand
Shall joyous be.

If Thou wouldst have me wait with folded hands
Shall I refuse,
Because my love for Thee some worthier task
Would gladly choose?

Nay, since Thy will is wholly worked in me,
And I am Thine,
Can I not wholly trust myself to Thee,
And not repine?

UNFINISHED MUSIC.

I SAT alone at the organ
At the close of a troubled day,
When the sunset's crimson embers
On the western altar lay.
I was weary with vain endeavor,
My heart was ill at ease,
And I sought to soothe my sadness
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.

My hands were weak and trembling,
My fingers all unskilled
To render the grand old anthem
With which my soul was filled.
Through the long day's cares and worries,
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,
And I longed to hear the organ
Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my untaught fingers
  Discordant and incomplete,
I knew not how to express it,
  Or to make the discord sweet;
So I toiled with patient labor
  Till the last bright gleams were gone,
And the evening's purple shadows
  Were gathering one by one.

Then a master stood beside me
  And touched the noisy keys,
And lo! the discord vanished
  And melted in perfect peace.
I heard the great organ pealing
  The tune that I could not play,
The strains of the glorious anthem
  That had filled my soul all day.

Down through the dim cathedral
  The tide of music swept,
And through the shadowy arches
  The lingering echoes crept.

And I stood in the purple twilight
And heard my tune again,
Not my feeble, untaught rendering,
But the master's perfect strain.

So I think perchance the Master,
At the close of Life's weary day,
Will take from our trembling fingers
The tune that we cannot play.
He will hear through the jarring discord
The strain, although half expressed;
He will blend it in perfect music
And add to it all the rest.

COMPENSATIONS.

So weak, dear Lord, and yet, because I know
The feeblest ones Thy loving bosom share,
Because I learn to rest upon Thy arm,
And trust more fully to Thy loving care,
I am content.

So tempted, Lord! And yet, since thus I learn
My only safety is to cling to Thee,
And since my need of Thee brings Thee more near,
I would not pray that I might always be
Untempted.

So sinful, Lord! with some unhallowed thought
Or wrong desire my every deed is stained;

I magnify the more the wondrous love
Which washed away my sin and pardon gained
Even for me.

So rough the path my faltering feet must tread,
I fain would turn aside and choose my way
Did I not know that still more tenderly
Thou leadest me, and so I cannot stray
Beyond Thy care.

So dark the night, but through the heavy gloom
Thy radiant presence ever shines more bright,
And Thy full glory is revealed to me
Till I forget the darkness of the night
And see but Thee.

MY PLAN.

In the tender hush of evening
I sat in the twilight gray
Planning the loyal service
I would render the coming day.
I would build a noble temple,
So perfect in symmetry
And matchless in grand proportions,
It should last through eternity.

The massive blocks and columns
Should be great deeds nobly wrought,
Each line of the graceful carving
With loving devotion fraught.
The hours should be golden censers,
Their incense prayer and praise,
While the moments a glorious anthem
Continually should raise.

Throughout the coming ages
This temple, I had planned,
Of my love to my royal Master
A monument should stand;
And the labor would be joyous,
Since the thought of the work complete,
Meet for my King's acceptance,
Would be inspiration sweet.

But the morrow came to me laden
With many a task beside
The deeds I had planned, and my duties
And cares seemed multiplied.
Only time for a thought of the Master
To strengthen me for these,
No leisure for grand achievement,
No rest from anxieties.

When the evening shadows lengthened,
Where my temple should arise
There were only shattered ruins,
And I stood with tear-dimmed eyes.

Not one block laid in the building
I had planned with such loving care,
Only these scattered fragments
Were strewn before me there,

Each lying as I had dropped it
When the moments took their flight,
Some dull and dimmed by shadows,
While others were fair and bright;
Cares and joys and duties,
Just what the day had brought;
I had followed the Master's bidding
And patiently had wrought.

But lo! as I gazed at the fragments,
My work which I had deemed
So worthless to offer the Master,
Since scattered chips it seemed,
I saw that each tiny fragment
Was part of one great plan,
Each needed to form the pattern
That through the day's work ran.

Each bit of light or shadow
Was a part of that pattern rare
That formed the rich mosaic
I unconsciously fashioned there;
And while I had mourned so sadly
Over my wasted day,
Since I wrought as I was guided,
My work was not thrown away.

I need not sigh that useless
Had been my fair design,
Since I had wrought this pattern
More fair than aught of mine.
So I plan not for the morrow, —
Just obey, and leave the rest
To the skill of the great Designer
Who knoweth what is best.

HAST MADE US KINGS.

(Rev. i: 6.)

I AM a king. No longer as a slave,
With heavy chains to bind me to the ground
And cruel lash to goad me to my tasks,
Go I with laggard steps to duty's round.

But as a king, I serve that I may rule,
For kings have duties that must needs be done,
And many a conflict valiantly to wage
Before their laurels and their rest be won.

I am a king. Then must I learn to rule
And under firm control my spirit bring,

For constant self-restraint and passions chained
More than all else doth truly mark a king.

I am a king. Then must I learn to bear
All things with patience, whether good or ill;
Though trouble clouds my sky and dangers lurk,
My faith must rise above them, tranquil still.

I am a king. Then must I learn to give
Right royally. Largesse! Largesse! they cry,
Who wait upon a sovereign. Would I be
A king in truth, no call must I deny.

I must not deal my gifts with niggard care,
But as a king to give with lavish hand

To all who ask, my love, my gold, my prayers,
Responding regally to each demand.

I am a king. Oh, wondrous love of Christ
That washed me in His blood and crowned me king!
Unworthy as I am of such estate,
Awake, sad heart, and all exultant sing.

I am a king, but nothing I can give
To Thee in grateful offering is meet
For Thy acceptance. Saviour, King of kings,
I lay myself before Thy piercèd feet.

HE CARETH.

THE day had been long and toilsome,
Each hour brought its burden of care,
And the tasks that had rested upon me
Were more than my strength could bear.
I was weary and well-nigh exhausted
With the weight of the heavy load
I had tried to carry, unaided,
Along the rugged road.

Where I had failed in endeavor,
All had been swift to blame,
And none had a word of pity
For the pain that racked my frame.
And when my work was accomplished
I had never a word of praise
To cheer me in my efforts
Or my drooping spirits raise.

With hands that were hot and fevered
I wearily toiled all day,
Longing in vain for a cheering word
To help me on my way.
My burdens would have been lightened
By a word of sympathy,
A clasp of the hand, an assurance
That some one cared for me.

I took up my well-worn Bible
And sought for a message of peace
That should soothe my troubled spirit
And bid my longing cease.
The last bright gleams illumed the page
As the lingering daylight fled,
"Casting all your care upon Him,
For He careth for you," I read.

"He careth!" Oh, tender message,
Full of comfort and cheer!
I had so soon forgotten
A loving Friend was near

Who could help me bear the burdens
No other friend could bear,
Who could care for all my troubles
As no other friend could care.

Oh, tender words of blessing!
My sorrows all grew light;
The thought of that constant Presence
Made darkest paths seem bright.
The burdens I could not carry
I would bring to Him to bear,
And in lonely hours of sorrow
I would trust His constant care.

He careth! Oh, wonderful promise!
Sweet story of boundless love,
That can stoop to our petty sorrows
From the glorious throne above.
No grief or trouble too trifling
At His piercèd feet to lay;
His love will lighten each burden
And send us rejoicing away.

THE MANNA.

THE manna fell not on the mountain-tops
Caressed by cloudlets, by the sunlight kissed,
So near to heaven that the stern, gray peaks
Melted away in tender amethyst.

Nay, not upon these silent mist-crowned heights,
So far above the hungering multitude
That they could only view with longing eyes
The promised bread of life, the angels' food;

Nor chaliced in the rocky cleft was stored
The daily manna, where the weary feet
Must scale the heights till flesh and spirit failed
And sank exhausted in the noonday heat.

Not so came down from heaven the daily food,
But scattered 'midst the desert's shining sands,
Where each could freely gather for his need,
And e'en a child could fill his little hands.

With each day's journey came the daily bread,
Strengthening and nourishing with angels' food

The weary people ever marching on
Into the desert's dreary solitude.

E'en so I think the manna falls to-day,
Scattered among the duties small that lie
Like desert sands before our feet each day
For hourly needs, a bounteous supply,

Not on the peaceful heights sublime and fair
That tower above the plain of daily need,
Nor hidden, like wild honey, in the clefts
Gained only by some brave and toilsome deed.

O hungering soul, stretch forth thine empty hand,
For each day's trials God gives daily grace.

'T is always close at hand; then trust
His love,
And let distrust to sweet content give
place.

THE FEVERED HAND.

I SIGHED, as I rose in the morning,
At thought of the busy day
Overflowing with cares and duties
That could not brook delay;
Each hour and minute was crowded
With tasks that must be done,
And I could not look for a respite
At the setting of the sun.

Not till the restless children
Were quietly hushed in bed,
And the task of mending all finished,
Could I rest my hands and head.
Ah, true is the homely adage,
"Woman's work ne'er is done,
While man's appointed labor
Is only from sun to sun."

So much to be done for the children
Before they trooped away,
With many a clinging good-by kiss
To lighten my heart all day!
Oh, for a quiet moment,
A season of thought and prayer,
Before I began the busy day
So full of trial and care!

But I could not pause for an instant,
Though my head throbbed with its pain
And my hands were hot and fevered;
I must take up my tasks again.
As I hastily passed the table
Where the well-worn Bible lay,
My eyes fell on the open page
And I carried the words away.

They came to my anxious spirit
Like a tender message of peace,
And bid all the fruitless worry
And anxious haste to cease.

They told how the loving Master
Had touched a fevered hand,
And at once the course of the fever
Was checked at His command.

Then a swift-winged prayer went upward
That the Great Physician's touch
Would rest on my anxious spirit
That was troubled overmuch.
And I felt a gracious Presence
Lightening my load of care;
His touch had stilled the fever
In answer to my prayer.

THOU KNOWEST.

"THOU knowest that I love thee." Yea, dear Lord,
Though I have wandered far and gone astray,
Though I have left unheeded Thy commands,
And followed on where self-will led the way.

So prone to wander and so slow to turn,
My love is far too poor and cold a thing
That I should dare to bring it as a gift,
An offering meet to lay before a king.

So many thrones there are within my heart,
So many idols have I there enshrined,

That where supreme and mighty Thou
shouldst reign
Only divided worship Thou dost find.

And yet Thou knowest all things, yea,
dear Lord,
Thou knowest that I love Thee, poor
and cold
Although that love may be, and scant
return
For all Thy love and tenderness untold.

Yea, Lord, Thou knowest how I fain
would love,
And how I mourn my cold unloving
heart,
That when I fain would love and serve
Thee most
Withholds the best and gives Thee but
a part.

Wilt Thou not touch it with Thy love divine,
Till it shall kindle to a warmer glow,
And burn within me like an altar fire,
No other love but Thine alone to know?

Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee, though
Like Peter I have often Thee denied;
Come Thou into my heart, and there enthroned,
My Lord and King, forevermore abide.

THE BLACKSMITH'S WORK.

Down in the heart of the city
The blacksmith's fires burn bright,
And the strokes of the noisy hammer
Resound from morn till night.
Through all the din and the tumult
The heavy blows come down,
The rhythmic echo throbbing
Like the pulse of the busy town.

The old smith stands at his anvil
From the earliest break of day
Till the sunset's rosy glory
Has faded to twilight gray.
As he swings the mighty hammer
He fashions with patient toil
The links of a giant cable
That has grown to a goodly coil.

Slowly and patiently works he,
The task must be done with care,
For some day that iron cable
The strain of a ship must bear.
Ten more links would be fashioned
When his daily task is through,
If his work were not so perfect
And each link so strong and true.

At last his work is ended,
And the blacksmith lies at rest,
The hands that were once so busy
Folded upon his breast,
While the cable goes from the smithy
In every link complete,
To hold some ship at anchor,
And the strength of a storm to meet.

On the deck of a goodly vessel
It lies in a shapeless mass,
In rusty coils where careless feet
May spurn it as they pass.

But when the tempest gathers,
And dark clouds threatening lower,
While waves dash on the rock-bound coast
With an angry sullen roar,

Like a mighty arm of iron,
Defying the fiercest blast,
The cable strains till taut and straight
It tests its strength at last.
The smith is fighting the tempest
With his work so stanch and true,
Each link in the trusty cable
Fashioned as best he knew.

And now in the hour of danger,
The cable stands the test,
The smith still does good service,
Though he is laid to rest.
Because the work in the smithy
With faithful care was wrought,
The ship outlived the tempest,
With her precious burden fraught.

Oh, patient, faithful worker,
This lesson teach to me,
To do each daily service
With true fidelity,
That each day's homely duties
However small they be,
May be links in a trusty cable
To last through eternity.

THE TROUBLING OF THE POOL.

Not when Bethesda's pool a tranquil mirror lay
Kissed into radiance by an Orient sun,
But when the angel stirred its crystal depths,
The wondrous power of healing was begun.
Calm and unruffled by a troublous thought,
Like fair Bethesda's pool, a soul may lie
Bathed in the placid sunlight of content,
While seasons of rich grace are passing by.

But when the Spirit stirs the sluggish depths,
Until its calm gives way to wild unrest,
Then comes sweet healing, and the sin-sick heart,
Dropping its burden there, finds peace and rest.

MY SERMON.

THE evening bells were pealing
Their call to praise and prayer,
The sweet chimes softly stealing
Through the tranquil twilight air,
As I sat by my baby's cradle
With many a wistful thought
Of the hour in the quiet chapel
With praise and worship fraught.

I must miss the inspiration
Of the earnest prayerful throng,
I could not hear the sermon,
Nor join the evening song.
I must sit by the swaying cradle,
Watching the quiet sleep
Of my little one, my treasure,
A loving guard to keep.

The sound of the bell's sweet summons
Had died on the quiet air,
And I bent o'er my darling's slumbers,
Lifting a voiceless prayer
That the message I could not follow
Might still be sent to me,
And the blessing I sorely needed
Should not be lost to me.

Just then the little sleeper
Cried out in childish fright;
Some troubled dream had roused him,
And made him fear the night,
And I clasped the trembling baby
As closely to my heart,
As if some real danger
Had caused his cry and start.

I stilled his frightened wailing
With loving tenderness,
And lulled him into slumber
With many a fond caress.

No grief could hurt my darling
Although a fancied fear,
My loving arms around him
Would show him I was near.

Then words of tender comfort
I had often read before
Came back like a spoken message
In that quiet twilight hour;
My love for my precious baby
Gave them a meaning new, —
"As one whom his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort you."

Then I measured with clearer vision
The infinite tender love
That will stoop to our little sorrows
From the heights so far above.
What though they are fancied burdens,
He hears our feeblest cry,
And the loving arms about us
Show us that he is nigh.

My finite mother-passion
Should be the plummet true
By which I could better measure
Love greater than I knew.
I had missed the song and sermon
That quiet eventide,
But I learned a precious lesson
As I sat at my baby's side.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

READ me some message of comfort
While the sunset's tender light
Is paling away in the westward
And heralding coming night.
I am aweary, aweary,
And I long for a word of peace
That shall bid all vexing worries
And fretting cares to cease.

Read to me of the Master,
Of the gracious truths He taught,
Of His mighty works of healing,
With love and mercy fraught,
Of His never wearied patience,
His compassion and His care,
That never turned, unheeding,
From the poorest suppliant's prayer.

Yes, read to me of the Master,
For the story grows more dear
As the clouds grow dark above me
And life seems bleak and drear.
When my heart is sore and wounded
It comes like a healing balm,
And over its griefs and tempests
It breathes a peaceful calm.

Now read me the dear old story
Of the love that is mighty to save,
And the never failing forgiveness,
That I may grow strong and brave;
For how I have sinned and fallen
No one but Jesus knows,
And I long to taste the sweetness
That from His pardon flows.

Then I know that His love and mercy
Are still as strong and near,
And that my feeblest whisper
Will reach His listening ear.

And when I am sorely tempted
Or sorrow doth befall,
I know that the loving Saviour
Knoweth and pitieth all.

TO MY BABY.

WHAT are you doing, you mischievous elf,
Sitting there with a thoughtful face,
Before a book as large as yourself,
Turning the pages with baby grace?

Do you dream of the knowledge before you spread,
Of the learning garnered before your eyes?
What thoughts are filling your little head
That you look so sober and yet so wise?

With a mother's love your eyes I meet,
Marvelling much how it can be

That anything half so rare and sweet
Should have come to earth to live with me.

I fain would shelter that precious head
From every cloud of sorrow or care,
And make for those tiny rosy feet,
A flower-strewn pathway, smooth and fair.

Yet another book before you lies,
The leaves of which I cannot turn,
Though I fain would scan with eager eyes
The lessons my darling has to learn.

If I only could choose your tasks, dear heart,
I would make each page so plain and fair,

Naught but sunshine and smiles should
have a part
In the lessons my love should set you
there.

And yet I can trust the tenderer love
That will plan each step of your future
way,
Which sees from the infinite heights
above
That joy is not the best gift alway.

I trust His love though I cannot turn
One leaf and see what is written there;
I know that no task is too hard to learn
That is set by our Master's loving care.

BABY ASLEEP.

STEP lightly, for he sleeps! The tiny hands,
Restless and fluttering like a leaf wind tossed
But scarce a moment since, might chiselled be
By sculptor's tool, so meekly are they crossed.
Rose-tinted palms and dimpled fingers white,
Lightly as snowflakes fall, they passive lie,
Meet only for soft kisses. Little hands,
What burdens will life bring you, by and by?

Speak softly, for he sleeps! Brown silken lashes fringe
The snowy curtains, drooping low, which hide
From baby's wondering eyes the strange new world
With all its pains and pleasures yet untried.
Dear trustful eyes, within whose violet depths
Where innocence is mirrored, never lies
A shadowed doubt of aught that life can bring,
For life to baby is one glad surprise.

Hush, for he sleeps! The dimpled, restless feet,
So tireless in their motion to and fro,
Are quiet now. Oh, tender baby feet,

With all life's toilsome journey yet to go,
You are so softly shielded from all harm,
Yet not love's tenderest care can smooth the way
That lies before you in the great unknown,
Where with the sunlight lie the shadows gray.

Hush, let him sleep! The rounded rose-flushed cheek,
The parted lips curved in a happy smile,
Are all the fairer for the peaceful rest
Which cannot be love-sheltered so erst while.
Sleep on, my baby, while I guard thy rest,
Thinking meantime upon the love that keeps

Over thy life more tender watch and ward
Than even mother's love. Hush, baby sleeps!

AN EVENING HYMN.

GENTLY fade the sunset glories
  Of the dying day,
Like o'ershadowing wings of angels
  Creeps the twilight gray.
Father, cradled on Thy breast
Let me find in Thee my rest.

Darker, closer, draw night's shadows;
  Stars their vigils keep,
Watching while the world lies silent,
  Hushed in quiet sleep.
Father, sheltered by Thy arm
Guard me safe from every harm.

When the radiant morning kindles
  Flame of rosy light,

Jubilant day flings out her banners,
Banishing the night,
May Thy love encircling still,
Shelter me from every ill.

THE END.

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